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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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God's Way.

Our way had been to smooth her upward
Easing the pressure of each heavy load.
Never to let her white hand know a soil,
Never her back to feel the ache of toil.

Could we have shielded her from every care
Kept her forever young and blithe and fair,
And from her body warding every pain:
As from her spirit all distress and strain.

This had been joy, our chosen way.
God led her by a different path, each day.

Sorrow and work and anxious care He gave,
And strife and anguish till her soul grew
brave.

Through weary nights she leaned upon His
love,
Though cloudy days she fixed her gaze
above.

Her dearest vanished, but in faith and trust
She knew them safe beyond the perished
dust.

Refined by suffering, like a little child,
She grew; into her Father's face she smiled.
And then, one day of days, an angel came;
In flute-notes sweet she heard him breathe
her name.

Perhaps from out the rifted heaven she saw
Her mother's face look forth; in rapturous
awe

We caught the last swift glory in her eyes,
Ere, sleeping here, she woke in Paradise.

God's way was best, with reverent lips we
say,
God's way is best, and praise our God to-
day.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

BARDELBEN'S EXIT.

Here I stand, a lonely man on
the threshold of death. A few
more hours and I shall join Felix
Bardelben again and tell him the
story I am now going to tell you.
How will he take it, I wonder? I
have always thought that there can
be no more dramatic moments in
the under-world than those when
the shadow of a murdered con-
fronts the spirit of his assassin.

What happens down there at
those foregatherings? But perhaps
Time has its way with the ghosts
as with the shadow-casting men;
and then, it may be, that I shall
find lapse of years has blunted
Bardelben's indignation at being
thrust so abruptly from a mundane
position of splendor, from a very
pinch of the world's good repute.
Upon the whole, I think that he is
like to be still bitter at his reverses.
His present position must be that
of a sort far inferior, from all
points of view, to that which he oc-
cupied here, and Time, though it
probably crawls in Hades, can
hardly have modified the man's
opinion of my conduct. On the
other hand, he may see that I did
him a good turn, for had he lived
his gigantic bubble reputation must
have exploded sooner or later. I
saved him from the evil to come.

Let me throw together this hand-
ful of strange facts, then, while
there is time. When the world and
I were five and forty years young-
er. Fate left me the sum of £10-
000 and placed the same, during
my minority, in the hands of the
biggest and vilest piece of incar-
nate earth that ever blotted human
sight. My guardian's name was
Felix Bardelben, his business that
of a money lender, company pro-
moter and so forth. There is no
necessity to dwell upon the man.
He had marvellous brain power and
a knowledge of human nature
which enabled him to get at the
pocket of the Small Speculator
through his heart. He was the sort
of devil who fights no heroic losing
battle against the Most High, but
wages an excellent winning war
against men. The banner of Wes-
leyanism fluttered above the tents
of Felix Bardelben; but I am my-
self a Wesleyan, and I know that
no pirate ever sailed under false
colors than did he.

This rotten fabric of pretended
religion crumbled into dust when
he died, and people found it the
thing it was—a trap, a sepulchre,
full of the bones of the widow and
orphan. Had Bardelben lived the
crash, no doubt, had been long
postponed, but the master-spider
once gone, that fair edifice of his
dream and fortune vanished like a
fame. I remember that when I
came of age my guardian invited
me to dinner. He had been a
friend of my father's, while his son,
James Bardelben, and I were
educated together. We grew up
firm friends. James thought the

world of his parent, and I, from
childhood, had likewise been taught
to regard Mr. Bardelben as a lamp
to lighten the righteous, as the
personification of triumphant good-
ness in a naughty world.

Remember our conversation after
dinner. He sent his son to join
the ladies of the family, then spoke
to me in private. He was a huge
man and had a habit of blowing
like a grampus from time to time,
as though an extra periodic effort
was necessary to get sufficient air
into his lungs.

"My good lad," he said, "I know
what is in your mind at this
moment. You are thinking of the
£10,000 which your dear, deceased
father left me to administer on your
behalf."

"Yes, Mr. Bardelben."

"Exactly. Well, now, bear with
one who loves you as he loved your
parent before you." Here he started
blowing.

"The money is in the Widow
and Orphan Benefit Building
Society, is it not?"

"My boy let me speak. You
have heard before to-day that those
whom the Lord loveth He chasten-
eth. You know those inspired
words? Then it will surprise you
the less to learn that I—even I am
chastened—just now—sadly, heavily
chastened."

He blew and took mighty breaths
that heaved up the walls of his
chest and made his great belly
shake like a jelly fish.

"I am very sorry to hear it, Mr.
Bardelben."

"'Tis a matter of time—six
months—a year at the outside.
You see, I am frank. I, Felix Bar-
delben, come to you, a boy on the
threshold of your life, and am per-
fectly frank. Excess of zeal—love
for you—desire to benefit you
doubtly, trebly—these were my
faults, if faults they can justly be
called."

I began to grow nervous.

"Are you referring to my money,
sir?"

He looked surprised.

"What should I refer to? Provi-
dence, for some inscrutable reason
which it pleases Heaven to hide
room us, has not smiled upon my
efforts to brighten the future of the
orphan. Need I say that the orphan
I refer to is yourself?"

Again his fat cheeks swelled, and
he sighed and drank his wine.

"Am I to understand, sir, that
anything serious has happened to
my money?"

"No, no, no. God forbid. Had
that been so my purse would be at
your command. The money is safe
enough, only—well, you are a child
in worldly affairs and long may you
remain so. Plainly, you shall have
your money in six months' time from
the present. Meanwhile, out of my
own pocket—out of my own pocket,
understand, I give you—I give you
the sum of £100 sterling."

My £10,000 he waved aside with
a breath; his £100 sterling he made
much of. It is remarkable how the
mere inflection of a skilful voice
could make a large figure seem as
nothing and contrive that a trifling
sum should appear so considerable.
Remember that I was young when
this happened; recollect that I had
been taught from childhood to re-
gard the man as the greatest saint
who ever labored in the Lord's
vineyards. I trusted him; I ac-
cepted his statement; I thanked
Mr. Bardelben for his £100 and his
dinner. The wine he gave me may
have been responsible for the sin-
gularly easy manner in which I re-
ceived his confession. At any rate,
I took his word for it, and even on
the following day, when my head
was clear, I could not regard the
position as one of very particular
gravity. I was only a bank clerk
myself, and understand that Mr.
Bardelben's name was sweet en-
ough in the city; but boys of one-
and-twenty rarely possess much in-
formation of the least value in any
direction, and I was no exception
to the rule. Few people in the city
really knew less about Felix Bar-
delben than I did; many knew
very much more.

Six months passed away, and six
weeks before the expiration of the
time I resigned my clerk's appoint-
ment, having already made ar-
rangements with James Bardelben,
who commanded considerable cap-
ital, to join him on the Stock Ex-

change. Then his father invited
me to dinner again. Of James
Bardelben I may say that he left
school when he was 15 years old,
and he was already, though only
three years my senior, a successful
broker in a small way. His father's
name possibly helped him with some
people, and it is certain that he
really practised the integrity which
his father at all times professed.

Our united dismay, was very con-
siderable when I was again put off
with an offer of £100. But I had
learned something during the last
six months and tackled the man
resolutely. He puffed and blew
and snorted with indignation, and
called upon Heaven to tell how my
father's son could address Felix
Bardelben in such words. And then,
as I persisted, he changed
suddenly, his face grew
very white, he fixed his gray eyes
on me like the points of needles
and made an end of me in a few
thundering words.

My money, it seemed, had been
placed in trust funds, and, by some
holy mischance, the funds had come
to grief, as even trust funds will.
I was penniless, and the law could
not touch Mr. Bardelben in his
character of guardian and trustee.
Strangely enough, it did not occur
to me that the man was lying. My
passion got the better of me at the
time. I said some hard things, to
which he listened with perfect self-
possession, and, before the extent
of my disaster was fairly driven
into my thick head, I found myself
in the street again.

Here I may take a modicum of
blame to myself. My pride hid me
from James Bardelben. When he
learned the truth he was all for my
joining him and sharing his ample
means. But against that I rebelled,
stunk away, avoided my only friend
and lived a subterranean existence
among those who have "gone
under" and are fighting the battle
of life with only God's eye to
mark the struggle. After six
months of this hell I made up my
mind to commit suicide. Physical
hunger is not a condition we as-
sociate with the heart of civilization.
But the wolf looks out of men's eyes
as often in London streets as on
desert islands and upon water-
logged rafts. First came the grim
determination to end it all, and then
early training told on my starved
brains in a curious, upside-down
sort of way. I was a Wesleyan,
recollect, and Wesleyans hold it
wrong for any man to cut his own
throat. With a feverish mental
excitation born of sheer physical
hunger, I examined this ethical
problem and solved it to my own
satisfaction. Remember, I was
starving and as nearly mad as
possible when I arrived at my con-
clusion. To kill oneself was
obviously a crime, I thought; but
be killed by somebody else need
involve no personal sin on my own
part. Here came in the brain
madness. I decided to commit
murder in order that I might my-
self be put out of life!

If I killed a man I should certainly
be hanged, but the law's tardy
processes would give me all neces-
sary time to make a good end.
Moreover, while in prison I should
have food, before they hanged me
I should eat a good breakfast. I
might thus die saved and die full;
whereas if I killed myself I should
die damned and hungry. I was
mad of course, but my decision once
come at, I struck to it with method.
First arose the question of the
victim. My idea was to bring
about the greatest good for the
greatest number by this murder.
I thought of—and—and other
politicians. I considered extermin-
ation of—and—the novelist. (How
tame his stuff is to-day! but 'twas
thought pernicious when he wrote);
I debated as to the assassination of
a dozen other celebrities. And then
I thought of Felix Bardelben,
and laughed in my misery that he
had not occurred to me before.

The idea once formed, my knowl-
edge of his habits much simplified
future operations. He dined often
in the city, and his custom was to
walk home to his house in Blooms-
bury afterward. He was always
active, and his enormous bulk
caused him no inconvenience. The
time was late autumn and, upon
the night of the Lord Mayor's
banquet, I knew that, as sure as

the evening proved fine, he would
return on foot from the Mansion
House. The night of Nov. 9 was
fair and I lay in wait at a quiet
corner under a lamppost. My
weapon was a sword-stick given to
me by James Bardelben. The man
acted as I expected.

It was ten minutes before mid-
night when I saw his giant figure
approaching rapidly, heard the
hoarse snorting of his breath, saw
his enormous shirt front gleaming
in the gaslight. He carried his coat
on his arm, though the evening was
clear and frosty. Everything went
as I could have wished. We met at
a moment when the street was
absolutely silent and lonely. I
stood in his path, and made myself
known, and demanded my money.
He was in a bad temper, and drop-
ped the mask for once, and told me
to go to hell.

Those were the last words Felix
Bardelben spoke in this world. I
had my sword, out of its innocent
sheath, and I drove it sharply into
the great white shirt-front spread
like a target before me. I remem-
ber a diamond there sparkling
when I struck. The man flung
up his arms and fell heavily for-
ward as I pulled away the blade.
I waited a moment, but he did not
move, and then, from where his face
was pressed against the pavement,
I saw blood come creeping out like
black smoke. He was dead en-
ough. I had stabbed him through
his lung to his heart.

I walked slowly away, expecting
every moment to hear the shriek
of a policeman's whistle, but no
sound came until I was a hundred
yards off, and just about to turn
into a main thoroughfare. Then
hurrying feet clattered, and I
turned to a face a man hastening
after me. But of me he took no
notice: he fled past, and was lost
to sight in a moment. A second
later came the sounds of a long
whistle, and somebody approaching
as fast as he was able. A police-
man, gasping for breath, overtook
me a moment later.

Have I seen a tall man with gray
trousers running in my direction?
There was murder done, and the
tall man had run past the police-
just before he found the body.

"He yelled to me as he'd found
the corpse himself," gasped the of-
ficer, "but I know better than that
now. 'Twas him as done it, I
swear." I told him that the man he
wanted had just run past me, and he
went on jabbering his story to an-
other constable who now joined
him. In an instant they had both
disappeared. Bow Street was the
only police station I knew, save
Scotland Yard, so I started to walk
there and give myself up.

But then came the change in my
thoughts. For one mad moment
I longed to go on living, and feared
the death I had earned.

I went back to my lodging over
the water; dropped the swordstick
into the Thames, bought a mutton
pie off a night-stall with the last
penny I had in the world, and then
went home to sleep and await the
issue. No voice woke me; no
policeman's lantern shattered my
wild dreams; Nemesis slept. But
the waiting through those long,
black days that followed the mur-
der was worse than hanging. Thrice
I started to give myself up; thrice
the opportunity to earn a few cop-
pers presented itself. So I waited
still. The man who had been pur-
sued was caught returning to the
scene of murder with a doctor. Of
course he proved absolutely innocent
of the crime. The police had
numerous clues, but day followed
day and nothing broke my hated
security.

Then chance brought me face to
face with James Bardelben. Once
more I had started for a police
station, and as I turned into the
door of Scotland Yard I met him
coming out.

He grasped my hand and shook
it warmly.

"You were on my errand, I
suspect," he said. "Still the same
answer. No news of any circum-
stances which may lead to an
arrest. A man with hardly an
enemy! You have hidden your
sorrows cleverly. I despaired of
ever finding you. Look here—
ready signed. It was the first
check I drew when I learned of
my altered position."

He insisted upon it that I should
go and drink with him: then gave
me a check for £10,000, made out
in my name and payable to bearer.

He would take no refusal, but
himself accompanied me to the
bank that I might cash my fortune
there and then.

How life changed its color!
Under these altered conditions some
moral obliquity which I had not
suspected made me altogether over-
look the significance of my crime.
I felt I was in the hands of prin-
cipalities and powers, and when, some
months afterwards, Felix Bardel-
ben's real position transpired, I
knew that I had been a weapon in
the hands of the Unseen; chosen for
this grim task by heaven. The fact
comforted me not a little. More-
over my £10,000 was out of reach by
that time, for I went to America
with it.

Fate smiled; my money bred in
Chicago; my bloody hands trans-
muted all they touched to gold.
Eight years later I sent James
Bardelben back his £10,000; but it
was returned to me by the next
mail. He was dead, killed by the
most gigantic legacy of disgrace
that ever father left to son.

And now I hover on the brink too,
and there will be some searching of
heart in the ranks of the faithful
when this comes to be read. My
manifold charities, my philan-
thropic enterprises, my endowed
schools—how will they fare? And
my huge fortune, which all goes to
brighten the lot of the humble
poor—shall it be held accursed?
At least my millions are honest,
and it cannot be denied that I have
done an enormous amount of
practical good in the world. More-
over, the good which men do lives
after them, when it is represented
by the wise and prudent adminis-
tration of wealth. You may
smash the memorials of me; you
may cut my name off the foundation
stones which I have laid, the alms-
houses which I have founded; you
may blot me out of your memories
and bury me like a dog; but you
cannot undo those vast benefits to
my species for which I am respon-
sible; you cannot take me from my
present perfect serenity of mind;
you cannot give sentences or pro-
nounce judgment.—*Beck and White*

The First Indian Printer.

Probably the first Indian who
learned the printing trade was a
boy taught at the Charity School at
Cambridge in 1659.

The American Encyclopedia of
Printing says this Indian boy learned
to read and write English and
was apprenticed to Samuel Green
(the second printer in United
States.)

He became a worthy member of
society under the name of James
the Printer, and afterwards was
called simply James Printer.

This is history that Indians have
a right to be proud of.

It is said that this Indian printer
rendered such effectual aid upon
the Indian Bible, that in the lan-
guage of John Eliot, he had but one
man, viz., the Indian printer, that
was able to compose the sheets
and correct the press with under-
standing; and the Psalter of 1709,
in the Indian and English lan-
guages, bears the imprint, "printed
by S. Green and J. Printer."—*The
Indian Helper.*

Ground has been broken for a
new steel arch bridge over the
chasm at Niagara Falls, which will
be a wonder in its line. The new
bridge will have a span of eight
hundred and forty feet. This in-
crease in width is made necessary
from the fact that about twenty-
three feet of the center will be given
up to a double-track trolley line.
On each side of these tracks there
will be carriage ways eight feet
wide, and beyond these still there
will be elevated walks each about
three feet nine inches wide for
pedestrians. In all about four
million pounds of steel will be used.

They are talking about putting
up a 200 story building in New
York. It will occupy one whole
block. It will be a world-beater
in the line of sky scrapers and will
be supplied with 100,000 offices.
It will be three times higher than
the Eiffel Tower and is intended to
accommodate 400,000 people.

How Butter Dishes and Clothes Pins Are Made.

The oval, scooped-out disks of
wood which have become so familiar
at the grocery for doing up butter,
lard and other commodities, and at
the Sunday school picnic as recep-
tacles for pie and pickles, are
manufactured in Traverse City,
Mich., and the factory turning them
out is the largest in the world; in
fact, says the Chicago Record, it is
said to be the only one except a
factory in St. Louis, which operates
under the patents owned by the
Michigan company. The company
buys the standing timber on tracts
of land and works up everything on
it, whether elm, ash, maple, birch
or hemlock. The factory consumes
about 12,000,000 feet of lumber
annually.

The logs as they are cut are float-
ed down the Boardman River to the
mill booms, and as they are wanted
are hoisted into the sawmill, where
they are cut. For the butter dishes
maple is the only wood used. The
outer slabs of the maple logs are
sliced off and cut to dimension of
firewood. Then a few layers are
sliced off for lumber. After the
slabs and lumber are cut, a piece of
timber about six inches in thick-
ness and eight inches wide is left,
the length of the log, and this is the
part reserved for the butter dishes.

The heavy timber is cut into
blocks ten or twelve inches in
length and boiled in huge vats
until thoroughly softened. The
hot blocks are placed in machines
which scoop out the butter dishes
at the rate of two hundred a
minute. A curved knife revolving
on a spindle does the work, the
block being automatically advanced
with each revolution of the spindle,
and a knife working up and down
taking off a slice just the thickness
of the plate, so as to leave the
surface the same as before. The
dishes are scooped out of the solid
wood exactly as they are found at
the grocery, and all that is done to
them after they leave the machine
is to dry and pack them.

As the dishes fall from the ma-
chine they drop into a funnel which
carries them to the dry kills.
Through the drying process they
pass automatically and finally fall
upon a long table, where a row of
girls sort them and prepare them
for packing. It takes about twenty
minutes for the plates to go through
the drying process, and not a hand
touches them until the girls sort
them for packing. Ten machines
are working constantly on the oval
butter dishes, and the capacity of
the works is approximately six
hundred thousand a day.

The most wonderful machine in
the shop is that which manufactures
the wire-end dishes. For these the
logs are cut into bolts, boiled, and
then converted into veneers the
thickness of the materials used in
the plates. Still hot and steaming
the veneers are fed through a
machine which cuts the veneer to
the required shape and size, marks
the folds, folds them and sews the
end of the dish with wire, and
finally delivers the dish complete at
the other end. The machines turn
out the wire-end dishes at the rate
of one hundred a minute, and the
factory facilities are for two hun-
dred thousand a day when running
at full capacity.

In making clothes-pins, cull
lumber which cannot be used for
dishes and is not suitable for high
grade lumber is used. The lumber
as it comes from the saw, is cut into
lengths. These blocks of wood are
carried to a receptacle above and
rapidly fed down upon a table where
a nimble-fingered girl arranges them
sideways upon a revolving metal belt.
The belt carries them to the turn-
ing machine, where the blocks are
cut into the shape of clothes-pins
without the forks. As the turned
blocks drop down, another girl
arranges them upon another belt
which carries them to the saw which
forks the pins and gives them the
inner bevel on the ends. From
this machine the pins drop into a
carrier which takes them to the big
revolving cylinders where they are
dried and polished, the cylinders
receiving and delivering the pins
automatically.

The wooden washboards are made
of thin maple boards, which can be
used either for dishes, clothespins
or lumber. The boards are given

the "crimp" so familiar in wash-
boards by a machine which works
all but automatically, and the side
pieces and headboard are dove-
tailed in the same way. One man
puts the boards together, aided by a
machine, and he turns out about a
dozen washboards daily. The
wooden boards are sold almost
entirely in the south.—*Normal
Instructor.*

INDIAN MEDICINE.

When the medicine of the Indian
shall be changed from the arrow,
the gourd or article made sacred by
the exploits of medicine men;
changed from this to education,
handicraft and art, the Indian in
the Indian will die.

What is the best and speediest
way of marking the change?

Each uncivilized Indian who ad-
heres to Indian customs has his me-
dicine.

Each tribe has its tribal medicine.
The tribal medicine is known
only to the chief medicine men of
the tribe.

The medicine may be some
simple thing, like a bunch of ar-
rows.

Whatever it is, it is placed in a
receptacle and is kept well guarded,
being held as sacred by the tribe as
the Ark of the Covenant was held
among the ancient Jews.

How is the medicine made?

A warrior may electrify his tribes-
men and their enemies by won-
derful daring and hairbreadth escapes.

If he announces that his good
fortune is due to a certain medicine
arrow which he made, he will at once
be elevated to the position of chief
medicine man, and immediately
several other medicine men are
initiated into the mystery of arrow
making, and under the most awful
solemnities each is sworn with a
dreadful vow never to reveal the
process by which the wonderful
arrow is made.

These medicine men are the
stumbling blocks to all Indian
progress, and are leaders in dark-
ness and superstition.

May not the educated Indian
who has learned deeds of daring
in the scientific and industrial
world, electrify his tribe and be-
come a medicine man leading
individuals out of darkness into
light?

The medicine of experience and
education will electrify.

But let us remember that as the
medicine of the Indian medicine
man cannot be made in an educated
community, so the medicine of in-
dustry, science and art, cannot be
made in or near the Indian tribe
where the Indian medicine man
lives.

The farther away the better and
the speedier will be the change.—
The Indian Helper.

MRS. FIELD'S FROCK.

One of the many stories which
are told about the late Eugene
Field, is of a little joke he had at
his wife's expense. They had en-
tered a street car to find all the
seats taken save one at each end of
the car, and they seated themselves
accordingly. When the conductor
collected the fares Mr. Field an-
nounced in audible tones, as he
gave him a dime, at the same time
pointing to the end of the car:
"This is to pay the fare of the
lady over there—the one wearing
the new, beautiful, brown silk
dress." All eyes were turned to
her and her pretty face took a most
becoming rose color, but back of
the reproving glance she threw at
him was one of mingled indulgence,
appreciation and mirth at the unex-
pected and apparently truthful an-
nouncement.—*New York Adver-
tiser.*

Never forget to pity a young man
who parts his hair in the middle—
as he has to do it to prevent his
mind from becoming unbalanced.

Never judge a man from the
clothes he wears—form your esti-
mate from the wearing apparel of
his wife.

Never marry for money—but al-
ways for love, but if a girl has mon-
ey enough though, try to love her.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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R. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York City.

Inquiries concerning the whereabouts of individuals, will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

"He's true to God who's true to man; Wherever wrong is done To the humblest and the weakest 'Neath the all-beholding sun, That wrong is also done to us, And they are slaves most base, Whose love of rights is for themselves, And not for all the race."

THERE is no reason why the deaf of New Jersey should not organize a State Association, but many reasons could be advanced in favor of such a project. We are therefore in sympathy with the movement to hold a convention in New Jersey's Capital this summer. One or two vigorous leaders will suffice to bring the plan to a successful culmination. Never mind about the popular sentiment just now, but go ahead and map out a programme, fix a date and place for the meeting, and attend to other necessary arrangements; then when the time arrives for the gathering, the sentiments of the majority can be expressed. It would be wise foresight to draw up a constitution and by-laws for presentation to the assemblage on the opening day. Prof. Rowland B. Lloyd holds the same relation to the deaf of New Jersey that the late Rev. Henry Winter Syle did to the deaf of Pennsylvania, and we suggest that he take the initiative, and with George Sidney Porter as first-assistant, make arrangements at once, and announce the same in those papers for the deaf that have a circulation in New Jersey.

THE number of names sent to the JOURNAL to be recorded as favoring a union of the deaf of Gotham is not overwhelmingly large. Some of those who have regaled the public with talk, talk, talk, for years, do not seem to possess the courage of the convictions they have so often professed.

However, if we only succeed in showing that the majority of the deaf of New York do not favor "a silent fraternity," we shall be satisfied; because it will silence the "smart Alecks" who have been clamoring for consolidation, and by innuendo depreciating the existing organizations.

THE murder of Max Eglau is still shrouded in mystery. If the detectives have made any progress towards its solution, they are very reticent about it. It is strange that a murder could take place in a building filled with people, at noon, be discovered an hour afterwards, and yet no definite clue to the perpetrator be obtained. We do not share the opinion expressed by many, that it will forever be a mystery. We believe the murderer will eventually be caught and convicted, and made to pay the penalty of the crime.

THE North Carolina Institution is quarantined on account of measles. Forty-six pupils are down with the malady, which is almost half of the entire school. The form of the disease, however, is said to be mild, and no fatal results are anticipated. We extend sympathy to the authorities of the institution and hope it will not be long before the yellow flag is furled again.

AFTER exhausting himself by a series of articles on blindness, deafness, dumbness, and imbecility, the versatile Dr. S. Millington Miller has laid aside his trenchant pen, taken up another with a

blunter stub, and is now engaged in inditing wonderful stories about hypnotism. Wonder if the doctor was hypnotized when he posed as an iconoclast in the field of deaf-mute education.

ITEMIZER.

Abbreviated News Concerning Deaf-Mutes.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

Owing to insufficient appropriations and an usually large attendance, the Missouri School will close in May this year, in place of June.

On Saturday evening, February 22d, Rev. A. W. Mann gave a talk on the life and times of General Washington, before the members of the Ephiphatha Mission, Detroit. On the following Monday evening, he lectured on Venice and Milan before the pupils of the Michigan School at Flint.

Mrs. M. E. Gallek, of Trenton, N. J., spent the 22d of February at her dear friend's, Mrs. C. N. Stiles, of New Egypt, N. J., and staid over Sunday, enjoying a most excellent time. She expects to go there again soon, and stay a while for her health, which is run down from rheumatism. Her oldest son, who is in the United States Navy, is now on his way to Yokohama, Japan.

A bill is before the Ohio legislature to allow the admission of deaf children to the state school at the age of seven, and permitting them to remain there twelve years. In Minnesota the Board of Directors has authority to determine the length of the course of study. By the existing arrangement, there is a regular course of seven years, to which is added a supplementary course of three years, if the pupils have made reasonable progress, and have shown a proper appreciation of the privileges afforded them. Therefore, every deserving deaf child can take a course of ten years in this school.—*Minnesota Companion.*

Deaf-Mute in Trouble.

H. B. Anderson, a deaf-mute, who was arrested yesterday morning on a warrant from Justice Joyce's court charged with breaking into the saloon of J. A. Ford, near the Union Depot, and stealing \$40, denies his guilt. He was identified by Ford, and was committed to jail in default of \$750 bond to wait a hearing on Monday next. Anderson's protestations of innocence were not less earnest because they were made in pantomime, but despite his mute assertions was sent to jail until his guilt or innocence can be proved in court.—*Kansas City Journal, Feb. 21.*

Her Speech Restored.

Miss Annie Schaeffer, the young girl who was suddenly stricken dumb on the night of Feb. 20, was at her home, 523 East Twelfth Street, to-day almost as well as she had been previous to her strange attack.

She recovered her power of speech last evening in Bellevue Hospital as suddenly as she had lost it. She broke her long silence and surprised her nurse by abruptly asking for her mother.

Mrs. Schaeffer was at once sent for and took her daughter home.

The girl's recovery confirms the diagnosis of the doctors at Bellevue, that she was suffering from hysteria.

DEAF-MUTE FOR BUSINESS.

YOUNG LAD PLAYED A SMOOTH GAME ON WESTERN GAMBLERS AND COMPLETELY POOLED THEM.

Charley Schlad is in jail in Colfax, Wash., and he is glad that he is. Charley is a young lad, and his incarceration is due to the fact that he stole a set of razors from his employer in Montana. But while he was working in this barber's shop he made many friends, and they pitied him—for Charley was a deaf-mute.

He played cards, though, and well. Being deaf, the men at the card table talked freely, and, curiously enough, Charley heard every word that they said, for he was deaf for speculative purposes only.

This fact was once suspected, and the whole-souled Western men thought that if they talked of hanging Charley might recover his speech and hearing.

They not only talked of it, but they actually stretched his neck, and Charley, in his own words, "stuck to his game," and is still alive, well-to-do and only in prison for one month.—*New York World, March 1.*

"A SILENT FRATERNITY."

"I am willing and desirous of promoting an organization of the deaf of New York and vicinity, that shall have for its object the intellectual, social, and moral welfare of its members, and I agree to be present at a meeting called for the purpose of discussing and forwarding plans that may lead to its realization."

[Signed.]

E. A. Hodgson.
E. Souweine.
Anthony Capelli.
A. L. Pach.
Theo. A. Froehlich.
J. Newton Soper.
Thomas Francis Fox.
John F. O'Brien.

Send in your name to the JOURNAL, if you are willing to sign the above.

DEAF-MUTES AND THEIR HABITS.

From the New York Herald.

Ever since the murder of Professor Max Eglau the attention of the public has been directed, more than it had in many years before, to deaf-mutes, their passions, their studies, their habits and their lives generally. It is strange how little the average resident of the city knows about his unfortunate fellow-being.

The census of 1870 stated that the whole number of deaf-mutes in the United States was 16,205. The eleventh census gave 41,283—22,783 males and 18,500 females. As parents are reluctant to acknowledge this defect in their children, the number is probably much larger than that given in the returns. It is estimated that no official census ever reports more than about one-half the existing number of deaf children less than ten years of age.

The eleventh census reported 6,596 pupils in forty-three public schools for the deaf, but five public institutions sent no reports and day schools for the deaf in large cities were also omitted. In eleven private schools there were 276 pupils, and later reports from the institutions give larger numbers. There have always been more male than female pupils in the schools.

TEACHING THEM TO TALK.

The earliest account of a deaf-mute being taught to speak is ascribed to Bede, about 700 A.D. Juan Pablo Bonat published, at Madrid, the earliest known treatise on deaf-mute instruction. About 1660 to 1700, Dr. John Wallis, of Oxford, and John Conrad Amman, of Holland, published treatises on this subject. George Dalgarno, who died in 1687, published the first manual alphabet in England. The first public establishment in the world for deaf-mutes was founded in Leipsic in 1778, by the Elector of Saxony. Thomas Braidwood established in Edinburgh the first school for deaf-mutes in Great Britain. An asylum was founded in London in 1792, of which Dr. Joseph Watson was the first principal.

Thomas Hopkins Galludet, who was born in Philadelphia of Huguenot descent, visited Europe in 1814, in the interest of the Hartford Institution for Deaf-Mutes. With the aid of Laurent Clerc, an educated deaf-mute, Dr. Galludet brought over in 1816 the system matured by the French. He married one of his pupils. Two sons of this marriage, Thomas and Edward Miner, have been prominent in the instruction of the deaf. Edward M. was instrumental in founding the National Deaf-Mute College at Washington, and became its president. Dr. Thomas Galludet is well known in connection with the work of the New York Institution for Deaf-Mutes, of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes and of the Galludet Home for this class, near Poughkeepsie. He, like his father, married a deaf-mute pupil. His descendants, children and grandchildren, have the faculty of hearing well developed, and considerable musical ability.

FORMERLY CLASSED AS IDIOTS.

By the Roman code deaf-mutes were classed with idiots, as persons incapable of the legal management of their affairs, and during the Middle Ages they were deprived of the right of feudal succession.

Even the Abbe Charles Michel de l'Epee, of Paris, who systematized the instruction of the deaf and dumb in France, was accustomed to speak of the uneducated deaf and dumb as on a level with the beasts. Herr Caesar, of the School of Leipsic, declared that "the deaf and dumb, indeed, possess the human form, but this is almost all which they have in common with other men. The perpetual sport of impressions made upon them by external things and of the passions which spring up in their own souls, they comprehend neither law nor duty, neither justice nor injustice, neither good nor evil, virtue and vice are to them as if they were not."

Modern educators know that there is a great difference, mental and moral, between a deaf-mute who has been neglected, perhaps hidden from society as a family disgrace, and one who has been treated with kindness and encouraged to improve his pantomimic dialect. In one case the germs of the rational and moral faculties are scarcely manifested; in the other they have acquired a considerable though peculiar development. Experience has proved that when intelligent communication with those about him has been established, the ordinary deaf-mute differs from others only by the privation of a single sense.

The uneducated deaf-mute of average intelligence may communicate with his companions by signs regarding things he has seen and matters of everyday life; but when an effort is made to communicate to him a conception of something he has never seen, he obtains a very confused or erroneous idea. He has some idea of the relations of cause and effect. He knows that if he goes out in the rain he will be wet; if he be cold he can obtain warmth by putting wood in the

stove and lighting it. By observing familiar effects he learns what has produced them. But his judgment is exercised on particular cases with which he is familiar, and he seldom arrives at general conclusions. He has memory, analogy, association of ideas. It has been observed that in his efforts to communicate one thing he suggests another.

Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, who was for many years principal of the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, said of the uneducated deaf mute:—

THINK IN IMAGES.

"Except when he is actually conversing with others, he does not employ any vehicle of thought, not even signs. This is the invariable testimony of all deaf-mutes whom I have questioned on the subject. They think in images, and the signs they make grow out of and represent these images."

Some experienced teachers believe that the mind of the deaf-mute is so inert before education that process which goes on in it is not "logical thinking." A few try to account for what they see about them; others have testified that before education their minds almost passively received impressions of their surroundings, and that they never tried to account for them. This mental inertness is one of the difficulties with which teachers of the deaf must contend. Aside from his one defect, a deaf child may have had at birth a brain as well developed as that of his brother; but, sealed to perpetual silence, almost cut off from communication with his fellows, a certain mental sluggishness is inevitable.

The reflective powers of deaf-mute children usually develop much more slowly than with children who hear, because of the possession of signs for ideas that are beyond the sphere of direct intuition, and the exercise of the faculties by intercourse with other minds, are essential for development of those powers. A deaf child, in his first years at school, usually acquires knowledge more slowly than his hearing brother; but, after reaching a certain point, the intelligent deaf-mute often keeps pace with the hearing. Deaf-mutes have graduated with honor from colleges for the hearing. The training of the eyes has gone on from infancy without interruption. The mind is a picture gallery; and the deaf-mute often excels in art.

The question, Have uneducated deaf-mutes a conscience? has been discussed by educators, and the opinions of some of the most prominent instructors favor the negative. It is admitted that the uneducated deaf-mute never rises to the conception of a God or Great First Cause, and it is equally clear that his mind is destitute of ethical distinctions. Dr. Harvey P. Peet said:—"The teacher in a numerous class of newly arrived deaf-mutes is almost precisely in the condition of a missionary to some tribe of heathens."

ANIMAL PASSIONS STRONG.

Another educator says:—"The uneducated deaf-mute grows up in the midst of an enlightened civilization free from the influences of his surroundings, and is in respect to morals in almost an absolutely primitive condition. The animal passions are strong and their gratification sought for; he appreciates kindness and resents injury, and will steal and hide the thing stolen; he acquires certain ideas in regard to the rights of possession and will commit violence in defence of such rights without remorse; but these facts fail to establish the existence of a conscience."

The same teacher says that after education is begun in an institution the fundamental principles of morality are reiterated so persistently that the pupils must necessarily imbibe a little by absorption, at least. Before long they show a knowledge of the moral quality of actions and manifest a conscience which, however, at first is no more like the theological conscience than the feeling that makes a dog slink away when detected in doing something wrong.

The testimony of educated deaf-mutes regarding some of their ideas before instruction is very interesting. Some fancied the wind was blown from the mouth of an unseen being. A number supposed that rain and lightning were caused by men in the sky pouring down water and firing guns. One who had seen flour falling in a mill thought that snow was ground from a mill in the sky. Some thought the stars were candles or lamps, lighted every evening by inhabitants of the heavens. Only one said she had "tried to think" about the origin of the world and its inhabitants. All had a great terror of death and being put in the grave; one had haunted by fear that she might awake in the grave and be unable to call for help.

One thought death was caused by medicine administered by the doctor. Deaf-mutes have refused to go to bed when ill from observing that sick persons have taken to their beds before death. Those who were taken to church by their parents said they had little idea,

before education, of the purpose of this assembly. One testified:—"I thought that the people were in the church to worship the clergyman of the greatest dignity and splendor." They had no idea of any being more wise and powerful than man, and no conception of the soul or of any spirit whatever.

AN UNPROVOKED ASSAULT.

Meyer Drusky, a Deaf-Mute Assailed by a Fellow Mute.

THE ASSAILANT WILL BE ARRESTED AND JUSTICE EISENMENGER HAS AGREED TO GIVE THE PARTIES A HEARING IN POLICE COURT.

Meyer Drusky is a deaf-mute who keeps a tailoring establishment at No. 6 Ferry Street, Schenectady, N. Y., where, it is asserted by his neighbors, he does a quiet business. Mr. Drusky resides with his wife, who is also a deaf-mute, at 213 Green Street. This forenoon Mr. and Mrs. Drusky paid Chief of Police Campbell a visit at police headquarters. The visitors being unable to speak and Chief Campbell being unfamiliar with the sign language, the interview was conducted chirographically, so to speak. With the aid of pencil and paper the chief finally learned that Mr. Drusky had been assaulted by another deaf-mute, Joseph A. Nolte of 108 Jay Street, and he wanted Nolte arrested and punished. It appears that Nolte, according to the statements (written) of Mr. and Mrs. Drusky, was outside of the Cushing House last Saturday evening when Drusky came out. Nolte assaulted him, landing a right-hand on Drusky's jaw. Drusky fell to the sidewalk and went to sleep as peacefully as did Peter Maher when his chin stopped Fitzsimmons's right. A kind friend assisted Drusky to his home.

Court Officer Lyons, who was present at the interview, is authority for the statement that the assault was not only unprovoked, but Nolte struck Drusky without saying a word.

Drusky and his wife were taken before Justice Eisenmenger and a warrant was finally issued for Nolte's arrested. The case was then set down for nine o'clock tomorrow morning. After the deaf-mutes had departed Justice Eisenmenger assumed his most solemn magisterial air and thus addressed Chief Campbell: "Chief; this is a serious difficulty into which you have dragged me."

"How is that?" inquired the chief.

"Why, you told these people that I would give them a hearing. How am I to do it?"

At this Court Officer Lyons threw a fit and court was hurriedly declared adjourned.

NEW JERSEY ASSOCIATION.

There is now a proposition to form an Association of the Deaf in New Jersey. It is nothing new to me. As long ago as 1893, I advocated such an organization.

So far, those who have been advocating the formation of the Association, have not stated what kind of an organization it is to be. An Alumni Association of the New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes would be out of the question, since many of the most intelligent deaf of New Jersey graduated from the New York and Philadelphia Institutions long before the New Jersey School for Deaf-Mutes in Trenton was established. There are in New Jersey perhaps over one hundred deaf-mutes who hold diplomas from the above mentioned schools, and also many others who have migrated from other States, who would be willing to become members.

There is no doubt of the meeting being a success if it is started properly. It ought to be an "Association of the Deaf of New Jersey."

No one has yet suggested when and where to hold the convention. The National Association of the Deaf meets in Philadelphia, June 23d to 27th, then why not hold the meeting for the formation of an Association in New Jersey in Trenton, N. J., Friday and Saturday, June 19th and 20th, 1896. Since the formation of the National Association in Cincinnati in 1880, New Jersey has had poor representatives at these conventions, therefore by meeting before the next Convention of the National Association, delegates can be appointed to represent the State of New Jersey, which will be a credit to the State and her deaf. I would also suggest that Messrs. Rowland B. Lloyd and George Sidney Porter go ahead and make arrangements for the convention at the date mentioned, or earlier if they think it would be better to do so. A hall can be engaged at a small cost. Trenton has many fine hotels, and they would have little difficulty in getting reduced rates. The railroad companies, if one hundred attend, which is very likely, will make a reduction from the regular fare, if notified.

I have already seen several prominent New Jersey deaf-mutes, and they are heartily in favor of the Convention being held in Trenton, and at an early date.

ANTHONY CAPELLI.

PREST. DUDLEY'S DEATH.

A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE CLOSED.

(Hampshire Gazette, Feb. 27.)

Lewis J. Dudley, who had been in failing health for a number of weeks, died at six o'clock this morning at his Elm Street home. Mr. Dudley had suffered for a long time with nasal polubus, and asthmatic troubles, which, with his increasing blindness, had made him more or less of an invalid the past twenty years. He clung to life with a wonderful tenacity, so characteristic of the man in all his life's work. As an illustration of the precariousness of his health, a relative of his living in this city, who was in London in 1881 at the same time Mr. Dudley was there, parted with him with the expectation of never seeing him alive again, and Mr. Dudley himself thought it was probably the last time they would ever meet, so miserable was he physically.

Mr. Dudley was born in Guilford, Ct., Nov. 11, 1815, his parents being Joel and Harriet (Griswold) Dudley. Like many other boys, he was brought up and worked on a farm during his early boyhood, attending the district school during the winter. He early decided upon a college course and began preparation in the Guilford academy and continued it in Berlin academy. He entered Yale at 19 in the class of 1838, and in the face of many difficulties, including an almost fatal illness during his junior year, graduated with his class. After teaching two years, teaching in academies, he became a tutor in 1840 at Yale, giving instruction in Latin the first year and Greek for the next five years. His instruction in Greek was highly complimented by Professor James Hadley, that famous Greek scholar, who said that it was of permanent value to the college in elevating the standard of instruction in this department. While doing his work he attended lectures on theology, moral government and mental philosophy. He gave up his tutorship in 1846 and entered the law school and a year later received the degree of bachelor of laws. He also graduated from the theological school.

He was admitted to the bar in 1848, but disliking the pleadings of that time, he gave up the law and opened the classical school, known as the Shady Lawn school. This institution acquired a national reputation, and during the 14 years of its existence received pupils from every State in the Union, among them Edmund Clarence Stedman, the poet and banker. The school would have flourished longer, but for the breaking out of the war, which caused the withdrawal of most of the students, who were of Southern parentage. He was for awhile a teacher in the high school.

During the war Mr. Dudley aided greatly in the enlistment of soldiers, besides doing much for their comfort in the field.

In 1864 he was elected to the Massachusetts state senate and made a member of the state valuation committee. In the years of 1865, 1866, 1867 and in 1873 he was elected a representative to the legislature. In 1867 he took a leading part in securing a charter for the Clarke Institution, of which he was president for the past 13 years. He was also largely instrumental in the construction of the Massachusetts Central railroad, and was a director of that corporation for 13 years.

Mr. Dudley was married in May, 1851, to Theresa Hunt Bates, daughter of the late Hon. Isaac C. Bates, who was a colleague of Daniel Webster in the United States senate, and a sister of Mrs. Chilson, wife of the late Haynes H. Chilson. Two children were born to them, Theresa Bates, who died in her infancy, and Etta Theresa, the wife of Wallace Holbrook Krause of Boston.

Mr. Dudley's services in the cause of deaf-mute education and in other educational fields gained for himself a national reputation.

In 1867 he was appointed one of the committee of the legislature to make a charter for the Clarke Institution for Deaf-Mutes, and he has ever since been actively connected with it.

For 28 years he was chairman of that institution's school committee, and 12 years president of the board of corporators. It was through Mr. Dudley's earnest and persistent efforts that the American instructors who met in convention in California in 1886, caused the word "dumb" to be dropped, and the pupils to be recognized as deaf children, instead of deaf and dumb mutes, and that appellation is fast being adopted in all parts of the civilized world. It is also through Mr. Dudley's efforts that deaf children in Massachusetts, instead of being placed in charge of the state department of charity have been recognized by the board of education, drawing school money the same and the education as free as that of the hearing children, and instead of being called "beneficiaries" are designed as "Massachusetts pupils."

To none was the injustice of making deaf children charges of the state and taxing the parent to edu-

cate hearing children and then left to bear the education burden of his deaf child alone more apparent than to Mr. Dudley, who was compelled to pay \$1200 a year for the education of his daughter, and then found such children classed by the state as paupers.

It was also the great pride of Mr. Dudley that the history of articulation in America is largely the history of the Clarke Institution, the oral system having been adopted, the late lamented Miss Rogers, so long the principal of the school, receiving instruction in the lip movement from Alexander Graham Bell, who came to Northampton for that purpose, when he was a teacher in Boston.

Mr. Dudley was a member of the First church parish and always took a deep interest in its affairs.

Mr. Dudley was a very forcible public speaker. He spoke with great energy, his language was strong and fitting, and his reasoning convincing. His appeals in behalf of the Massachusetts Central Railroad made in the town meetings were the most effective made in aid of that enterprise.

His convictions were strong and deep-seated. He was a Republican up to the nomination of Blaine for President; then he became a democrat, and remained such to the close of his life.

He held the respect of his townsmen to a high degree, who regarded him as an honest, forceful and valuable man. His death closes a long and honorable career.

The funeral will be held at the house on Saturday afternoon at 2.30. Rev. H. T. Kose will officiate.

He Can Talk by Signs.

Representative Fairchild, of New York, was standing in the lobby of the House yesterday, conducting an animated conversation in the deaf-mute manual of signs with a number of his constituents, and admitted that he found it an invaluable aid in conducting a Congressional campaign.

"A man who runs for Congress should turn everything to account," said he, "and I include a mong my many other accomplishments the ability to deliver a pretty fair speech in signs. Of course it would be of still greater benefit if there were more deaf-mutes in the country. In that case I might be an available candidate for the Presidency, for I would have a decided advantage over my opponents, as there are comparatively few men in the United States who could be eloquent with their hands. I might have to except Joe Cannon and a few others, such as Gibson, of Tennessee, who talks almost as well with his legs and his neck as with his hands. But on the whole I should have a decided advantage. A man who is an expert with the signs can talk almost, if not quite, as fast with his hands as he can with his mouth. I picked it up as a boy in Washington, being thrown a great deal with the society of deaf-mute pupils, many of whom were my playmates, and I never forgot it."

ST. LOUIS.

THE QUIETEST WEDDING OF THE SEASON.

"Will you take this woman, love and cherish her as you wife?" asked Rev. J. H. Cloud with his fingers. "I will!" answered Newton M. Stafford, of 837 Brooklyn Avenue, in the same manner.

"Will you take this man for your husband?" again the clergyman asked with his fingers.

"I will," replied Miss Annie Wesche, of 7707 Michigan with one motion of two tapering digits.

The ceremony uniting these two deaf-mutes occurred Thursday night at the residence of the bride's father.

The groom is a mechanic at Heller & Hoffman's chair factory, and the bride has been keeping house for her father.

The clergyman who united the couple is a semi-mute, assistant to the pastor of Christ's Episcopal Church, Thirteenth and Locust.

"The wedding was very quiet; the quietest I ever saw," remarked a neighbor. There were only the immediate friends of the family present, but lack of numbers was made up in congratulations.—*St. Louis Chronicle, Feb. 28.*

Rev. Mr. Dantzer's Appointments.

MARCH.

13-7.20 P.M., 8, West Lake Avenue, Auburn.
15-9.30, A.M., Holy Communion, Trinity Church, Utica.
15-3.00 P.M., Trinity Church, Utica, Confirmation by the Bishop.
15-7.30, P.M., Evening Prayer Trinity Church, Utica.
16-7.30, P.M., St. John's, Oneida.
17-7.30 P.M., Rome (Lecture, Probable).
18-7.30, P.M., Zion Church, Rome, Confirmation by the Bishop.
19-7.30, P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse, Evening Prayer and Lecture.
20-7.30 P.M., Cortland.
22-10.45 A.M., Holy Communion, Grace Church, Watertown.
22-8.00 P.M., Evening Prayer, Grace Church, Watertown.

Address: REV. C. O. DANTZER, 17 Glenwood Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

The "Senior Evening" Drew a Crowd.

THE "CO-EDS" IN A GYMNASIUM CONTEST.

Literary Entertainment by the O. W. L. S.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Ye correspondent is sorely tempted to begin this letter with the latest achievements of the "co-eds," but traditional courtesy forbids, so we'll hear about the other side first.

On Friday was held the last literary meeting of this term; in accordance with announcement made at the previous meeting, the evening's programme was carried out by the Seniors, and "Senior Evening" drew a large audience.

Mr. Merrill delivered the evening's essay on the fascinating subject, "Aztec Civilization," his essay showing much painstaking research on the question. The debate was on the knotty question, "Resolved, that the progress of modern civilization is more intellectual than moral." The affirmative side was sustained in a cool and able manner by Messrs. Lewis and Grimm. The negative was defended by the ardent champions, Messrs. Hubbard and Sullivan. But the judges, Miss Martin, Mr. Ballard and Mr. Nicholson, decided that the affirmative side had the greatest array of good, solid arguments.

Now you must hear about the "co-ed" gymnasium contest with the city class of young ladies. The afternoon was divided into three parts as follows:—

1st Contest.—Chest weights and jumping. 2d Contest.—Free movement drills by each class. Visitors first. 3d Contest.—Basket Ball. Two innings of ten minutes each with an intermission of five minutes.

Invitations had been sent to the entire faculty and families, so that the gallery was filled with an audience which freely applauded at appropriate points.

In jumping, the "co-eds" were generally conceded to be the best, for the visiting class confessed that they devote much more time to pole-climbing and rope-climbing than jumping, and expressed much regret that our "gym," so complete and commodious, was without such apparatus.

In the free-movement drills the visitors were probably superior in marching preliminaries, since they are trained in that to music, but the "co-eds" went through the drill with superior precision.

In the Basket-Ball centred the most interest. The visitors were decorated with "white and gold," the "co-eds" with "buff and blue," the two baskets, decorated with big ribbon-bows of the respective team-colors, were raised to a height of ten feet from the floor. Game was called at three, the picked teams being placed as follows.

BUFF AND BLUE.	WHITE AND GOLD.
Miss Kershner (Capt.) G. K.	Miss Finley
Miss Watts Left Back	Miss Trueworthy
Miss Phelps Right Back	Miss Stone
Miss McDill Centre	Miss Powell
Miss McGowan L. F. Miss Carruthers (Capt.)	
Miss E. Taylor Right Forward	Miss Bell
Miss Young Home Guard	Miss Eastman

The visitors' centre was a little terror, and no wonder, for she is a grand-daughter of Gen. Kearney, that fierce charger who used to ride to battle with the reins in his teeth. The visitors' goal keeper, Miss Finley, is a grand-daughter of the physician, Bliss, who attended Blaine during all of his last illness.

The "Buff and Blue" team was strongest at quickness and were surpassed in quickness and interference. The "Buff and Blue" made only three fouls, while the visitors made eight, and the latter were also criticised by the referee for side rushing to the centre.

The score at end of the first stood: for "Buff and Blue," 9 on goals, 4 on fouls—a total of 13; for "White and Gold," 12 on goals, 3 on fouls—a total of 15. At end of 2d, "Buff and Blue" had 4 on fouls, 3 on goals—raising score to 20. "White and Gold," 9 on goals—raising score to 24. So "we" lost—24 to 20.

Opportunity for the prettiest team work was that of quick passing from centre to the two forwards and from thence home. The best player that is an all round player for the visitors, was Miss Finley; she was always right there where we didn't want her. The visitors made a couple of goals on a second try, which confused our team considerably, as we supposed only one try was permitted; hence we lost several chances until the misunderstanding was rectified. The strict enforcement of rules was a noticeable feature of the game,

and rough playing was utterly missing, not one girl even took a tumble. Some one got a scratch and some one else a swollen finger, but they were incidents, and a laughable case was seen when one "co-ed" gave an unintentional shove, and hastened to say "excuse me!" Think of that in foot-ball.

A scrub-team from both sides was then made, but not so even a match as in the first. Also the "co-ed" scrub team had been looking on, and hence had a chance to "get onto" the tricks of the visitors. The strong, aggressive playing of Misses Ellsworth and Prager, and the excellent work at Home Goal in tossing the ball in the basket by Miss Rogers, were features of the second game, which was a much more exciting and interesting one to the gallery than the first.

Positions in the second game were:—

BUFF AND BLUE.	WHITE AND GOLD.
Miss Prager Goal Keeper	Miss Powell
Miss Stemple Left Back	Miss Lane
Miss Hemphill Right Back	Miss Stone
Miss Ellsworth Center	Miss Wadsworth
Miss Pierce Left Forward	Miss Loring
Miss B. Taylor R. Forward	Miss Goldsboro
Miss Rogers Home Guard	Miss May

The second game resulted in a victory for the "Buff and Blue" by a score of 15 to 8.

The next game of the series is to come off on Tuesday, March 5th, at Miss Weicksel's "gym" on Connecticut Avenue.

Monday the "co-ed" team will be thoroughly coached in trick playing, quick passing, and the peculiar high throwing from center to goal with interference there, which are the points we are weakest in.

According to the gallery on-lookers some very pretty plays were made, and a surprising amount of grace and firm poise shown. The visitors complained much that the ball had been blown up too hard, was why they couldn't catch and hold it. Many visitors stayed to see the young men who went through exhibition practice beautifully.

Saturday evening the Owls held their first open meeting of this year.

The following programme was performed on the chapel stage before a large audience:—

1. Tennyson's "The Owl." Miss Young.
2. Essay. The Golden Age. Miss McDill.
3. Dialogue. "The Contest." Misses Lamson and Young.
4. Declaration. "Backward, turn backward, O Time in thy flight." Miss Titus.
5. Tableau. "The Other Side." Misses Block, Kershner, Stemple, Watts, Phelps, B. Taylor, E. Taylor, Titus.

The Dialogue was between the New Woman and the Old.

The tableau, on which the curtain was raised twice, the second time with red lights showing, was a veritable picture. A white ladder with buff and blue chains stood in the stage center. At its summit was a big diploma just within the reach of Miss Block, Senior, who held out a helping hand to her sisters mounting the ladder below her; just one rung beneath stood Miss Kershner, Junior, then Miss Stemple, Sophomore, then on the first rung, Miss Watts, Freshman, and below the "Ducks," to whom all the others were stretching their helping hands toward the summit, the beloved diploma.

The two Declarations were beautifully rendered in signs.

Wednesday, a meeting of the undergraduates was held to begin arrangements for the usual Hop to the Senior class. The committee of arrangements is to be consist of Messrs. Nicholson, Chairman; Whitelocke, Kestner, Rothert, Peterson and Jackson.

There is quite a strong current of opinion in favor of next year's Senior and Junior classes wearing "cap and gown."

Saturday, the Gallaudet College Athletic Association met to consider amendments to the Constitution, as prepared by a committee selected at the meeting in the first part of January.

Several theatre parties have been organized to see "Carmen" and "Falstaff" at Albaugh's Grand Opera House next week, beginning Thursday.

Dr. Lyman Abbott, with his wife and daughter, visited at Prof. Chickering's last week. The families were old friends in Brooklyn. Dr. Abbott spent some time visiting at the Kendall School classes, and tested Miss Okie's lip-reading powers. She said that she wished he would open his mouth wider. Mrs. Abbott heard the remark and said, "That is what I have told him many times, for he has a habit of preaching with his head bent forward and but a slight movement of his lips."

A new double-wall map of the United States and of the World has been bought by subscription for the reading room by the young men.

Friday evening, Mr. Adams lectured on "From New York to Liverpool on the Bottom of the Sea," in Kendall School chapel.

Readers of the "College Chronicle" may remember references made to Postmaster-General Pearce and wife, of Jamaica, West Indies, who called on Miss Martin. Word has been received that while on ship-board their vessel collided with

a French steamer and sank, remaining under water some time. Mr. and Mrs. Pearce escaped unhurt, but it is feared many of the things they took with them from here have been destroyed.

The Efero was addressed by Prof. Hotchkiss, Sunday evening, his lecture of about one hour being on "The Jews," and proving to be very interesting. The Efero, among other things, has been providing for the bulletin board a daily quotation containing some beautiful ideas.

The "Shakespeare Club" is to hold its first meeting next Friday evening in Kendall School chapel. The programme of the evening will be devoted to a preliminary study of the author, his life being told by Miss Frederick. Miss Morris will display a series of illustrations of his face and home, and Prof. Hotchkiss will give a sketch of the stage and accessories in Shakespeare's time.

The "Jollity Club" is busy with rehearsals for the play on March 13th or 14th.

Sunday afternoon a party of the "co-eds" visited the "Home for the Aged" on H Street, established by the "Little Sisters of the Poor." The building is large and extremely well-kept, the poor shriveled old women and white-headed old men, were all at supper. The old ladies gave us many a cheery nod with their capped heads. One old Irish woman, when she found we were all deaf, said, "Why, bless ye, dear young ladies, for a comin' to see us old women. God bless ye! I have two daughters what works for your Dr. Gallaudet. I know the Dr. well. Come again. God bless ye!" Then we went into a quiet room, where an old colored man lay dying, and a few doors away into another room, where an old woman was dying, too. The sweet nun with us went up to her, and called in her dull ear. "How are you now, mother? You'll soon be in Heaven now, won't you?" "Yes! I'm glad, too!"

In answer to a muttered word or two, as she stopped to pull back the white spread from the fevered form. It was a sad, sad place. Sunday afternoon Prof. Chickering delivered an address from the text in I. Corinthians 13:13—"Now abideth Faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love." Love was shown to be the chief happiness in the home, the family, the neighborhood, the nation and the world—love for God and love for man.

L. MCDILL.

Rev. Mr. Mann's Appointments.

MARCH.

7-7:00 P.M., Cleveland, Lenten Lecture.

8-10:30 A.M., Cleveland, Holy Communion.

8-3:30 P.M., Cleveland, Evening Prayer and Sermon.

9-3 P.M., Mansfield, Service and Prayer.

9-7 P.M., Mansfield, Service and Prayer.

14-7:30 P.M., Chicago, Service for men in the Parish House of Trinity Church.

15-10:30 A.M., Chicago, Holy Communion.

15-3 P.M., Chicago, Evening Prayer and Sermon.

15-7:30 P.M., Joliet, Service and Sermon.

16-7:30 P.M., St. Louis, Service and Sermon.

17-7:30 P.M., Indianapolis, Service and Sermon.

21-7:30 P.M., Columbus, Service and Confirmation Lecture.

22-9 A.M., Columbus, Morning Service.

22-10:30 A.M., Columbus, Confirmation by Bishop Vincent.

22-7:30 P.M., Dayton, Evening Service and Sermon.

22-3 P.M., Portsmouth, O., Service and Sermon.

22-7 P.M., Portsmouth, O., Special Service.

22-7:30 P.M., Detroit, Lecture.

22-10:30 A.M., Detroit, Holy Communion.

22-3 P.M., Detroit, Service and Confirmation Lecture.

22-7:30 P.M., Detroit, Confirmation by Bishop Davies.

APRIL.

- 1-7:00 P.M., Dayton, Confirmation by Bishop Vincent.
- 2-7:00 P.M., Cleveland, Confirmation by Bishop Leonard.
- 5-10:30 A.M., Easter. Place to be chosen later.
- 5-9:00 P.M., Chicago.
- 11-Evening.
- 12-10:30 A.M., Chicago, Holy Communion.
- 12-3 P.M., Chicago, Confirmation by Bishop McLaren.
- 18-7:30 P.M., Pittsburgh, Service and Confirmation Lecture.
- 19-10:30 A.M., Pittsburgh, Confirmation by Bishop Whitehead and Holy Communion.
- 19-3 P.M., Pittsburgh, Evening Prayer and Sermon.

Appointments may be made between the above dates, in which case due notice will be given by mail or in the JOURNAL. Please write to Rev. A. W. Mann, Gambier, Ohio.

E. W. Frisbee's Appointments.

MARCH.

- 8-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's Chapel, 38 Chambers St., Boston.
- 8-3:15 P.M., Advent Church, Lowell.
- 15-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
- 15-2:30 P.M., Salem Society.
- 22-10:30 A.M., St. Andrew's, Boston.
- 22-2:15 P.M., St. Stephen's, Lynn.
- 28-8 P.M., Lecture at Nashua, N. H.
- 29-10:45 A.M., Morning Service, Nashua, N. H.

EDWIN W. FRISBEE.

182 Broadway, Everett, Mass.

A CARD OF THANKS.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes, which disbanded some time ago, has donated \$9.24 to the Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes. Members of the Guild send their thanks to the members of the old Society for their kind remembrance.

CHAS. E. GREEN,

Secretary.

NOTICE.

Prof. William G. Jones will lecture in the Parish House of the Church of the Beloved Disciple, No. 67 East 89th St., between Park Avenue (or Fourth Ave), and Madison Avenue, on Tuesday, March 17th, at 8 o'clock P.M.

Admission, fifteen cents,

NEW YORK.

The Eglau Murder Mystery to Remain Unsolved.

THE INQUEST ADJOURNED INDEFINITELY.

Alfred Klemme to Sail Saturday for Fatherland—George Lindmann Uses Carbolic Acid for Liniment With Disastrous Results.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

Theo. I. Lounsbury's address is 228 East 59th Street, New York City.

The adjourned inquest into the mysterious murder of Artist Max Eglau was to have been resumed Monday morning. A score of witnesses had been summoned, and the coroner's court was well filled by spectators, both deaf and hearing. At about twelve o'clock Coroner Fitzpatrick opened court and the six jurymen took their seats. Assistant District Attorney Oliver asked that the inquest be indefinitely adjourned, saying that the investigation was still in the hands of the police and that it was still shrouded in the deepest mystery. The Coroner regarded the request as a most remarkable one, but granted the motion.

Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald and their sons James, William and Howard, and Messrs. E. A. Hodgson, E. Souweine and S. Kohn occupied front seats, while in the Enclosure were Professors Greene and Elmendorf and Director Mosenthal of the Lexington Avenue school, and occupying other seats were Eglau's son-in-law, William Zink and his wife, Mrs. Conzelmann, Miss Bertha Haun and Mrs. Driscoll, Baker Kohn, and Messrs. Scott, Paterson and "Ted."

The murder of Artist Eglau seems no nearer solution than it did after the discharge from custody of the five deaf pupils in succession. Max Eglau was a teacher of painting at the Institution for the Improved Instruction of Deaf-Mutes on Lexington Avenue, 67th and 68th Streets. A month ago, February 10th, he was found dead in his studio at the beginning of the afternoon session of school. Twenty blows had been inflicted on him, the greater number with a club and the last few with a shovel, only one, and probably the last, of which was considered a mortal wound. There were indications of a fierce struggle. Three pupils, Wolff, Eck and Pfandler, were arrested on suspicion but discharged at the preliminary hearing. Then a pair of cuffs with a blood stain on one of them was found in the smithy, and subsequently a pistol, both of which belonged to the Fitzgerald boys, and their arrest followed. It was proven, however, that the cuffs had been discarded by the owner some time ago, and the pistol was stolen from them, and the cause of its being in their possession previously was satisfactorily explained. The artist's purse, containing \$136, was also found in the cellar, which showed that the motive of the murder was robbery. This was a point in favor of the Fitzgerald boys, as their father is very wealthy and always kept them supplied with money. In addition to this, they were physically incapable of so horrible a butchery. They were discharged by a magistrate, and subsequently re-arrested and placed under \$10,000 bail, which the father furnished. At the inquest the grand jury refused to indict them, inasmuch as they produced a perfect alibi, and they were again discharged. But the police were firm in the belief that these boys were the murderers, and secured a summons for their appearance at the adjourned inquest, and kept watch on them. Last week the inquest was adjourned for a week, and Monday it was adjourned indefinitely.

New clues have sprung up all along. Some were traced and found to be valueless, the latest of which was an Italian pupil who claimed to have witnessed part of the struggle, but his evidence, incoherent and fabulous as it was, was of no use.

Prof. Elmendorf spared no pains to follow up the slightest clues. He looked for blood stains inside and outside the building, questioned the pupils, and exerted every effort to aid the police. He defended those pupils arrested, by his evidence, and brought witnesses to account for their whereabouts during the hour the murder is supposed to have taken place.

During the lapse of time suspicion fell from one person to another. The watchman was put under surveillance, and some newspapers hinted at Dr. Greene possibly being connected with the crime,

and a few pointed at supervisor Driscoll.

Just now it looks as if the matter is ended. It will cease to be talked of in the papers, and in all probability will never come up again in court. It will go on record as one of the many great murder mysteries that have occurred from time to time.

Alfred Klemme sails Saturday for Germany, by the "Spaardam," which leaves Hoboken at nine o'clock in the morning. His early departure is occasioned by the fact that there was a strike of the lithographers and artists and he went out with them, and therefore took advantage to take the trip a month earlier than he expected. He will be away till in the Fall. Saturday night his German friends gathered at Bergman Hall, and Monday night, the German Society banqueted him. Thursday evening several of the Quad Club boys will gather at his house. Altogether he gets an elaborate send off, and richly deserves it, too, for he is one of the most popular "boys" of the town.

Mrs. William Wright's father, Edward Kearney, the politician and horseman, was met by highwaymen last week, but a brisk walk took him to his door before they could, as they expected, follow him into a dark place.

Mr. Charles Thompson, with his manager, Mr. Wright, who owns the famous stock farm in Windom, Minn., were in town a few days, stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. They were going to book passage on some steamer that sails Wednesday or Thursday, for a business trip to England.

George Lindemann, who was recently confined to Mt. Sinai Hospital suffering from some nerve troubles, had since his release secured work, but one evening last week, he went to a drug store to buy some liniment. He took the bottle, which was labelled "Liniment," home, poured some on his hand and at once rubbed it over his thigh, when he felt intense pain as if burning. He washed his hands and thigh, but was again confined to bed. It was discovered the druggist had given him carbolic acid by mistake. He is thinking of suing the druggist.

The Recorder last Sunday, in quoting from Mr. Hodgson's editorial denouncing articles in certain papers regarding the habits of the deaf, says he is a graduate of the Lexington Avenue School. Mr. Hodgson never attended any school for the deaf, but was educated at schools for the hearing before becoming deaf.

Quite a small attendance was at the Church of the Beloved Disciple on 89th Street Tuesday evening to learn about the Monroe Doctrine. The weather was disagreeable, but those who went there had a profitable evening.

Alex. L. Pach is at present press representative of Manager Walter Sanford of the Star Theatre.

Solomon H. Winne is working in the delivery department of a firm on West 130th Street.

Mr. I. N. Soper is taking lessons on the bicycle preparatory to investing in a wheel with all the latest improvements, and says that the machine he has his eye on includes a new system of sprocket chains, hub, spokes and pneumatic tires.

More snow, milk and sugar for "M. de Tigg." Eight inches fell Monday, but Col. Waring has taken most of it away. It is a sight to see his street cleaners work. A gang of fifty Italians do the work of ten Irishmen.

TED.

PORTLAND SCHOOL FOR THE DEAF.

VALUABLE TRIBUTE FROM A WELL KNOWN BUSINESS MAN.

The following letter will explain itself:

PORTLAND, ME., Feb. 18, 1896.

ELIZABETH R. TAYLOR, Principal, Portland School for the Deaf:

Permit me to congratulate you upon the splendid results of your administration of the Portland School for the Deaf. Your pupil, Harry Gleason, who has been in our employ during his spare hours from school, has shown wonderful intelligence, quickness and aptitude in learning the duties which we have given him to perform. I think that he has given closer attention to his duties than the average boy, possessed of his full faculties, would have done in a similar position. In other words we have found him, and other similar unfortunate who have been in our employ, most apt and ready apprentices, anxious to learn the business in which we have employed them thoroughly and quickly. Their aptitude in attending all the duties assigned them, is undoubtedly the result of your careful and conscientious training and instruction.

I regard the institution as one of the most beneficial to those unfortunate, bereft of hearing and speech, that can be desired, and worthy of most generous support from the State and city, as well as individuals. The result of such a practical education as you are giving your pupils is of a double benefit, enabling them not only to provide and care for themselves, but those who may be dependent upon them as well.

We have one young man who is deaf in our employ, who earns from \$12 to \$15 per week. He is a skilled workman.

L. A. GORDY, MGR. GORDY & KENT.

The above is one of several similar tributes received from business men, who have kindly given pupils of the deaf school opportunities to learn trades in their establishments.

COLUMBUS.

The Deaf Should Protest Against Unjust Reflections.

DR. BELL'S MISSION IN OHIO.

Brief Items.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

The murder of Prof. Eglau alleged to have been committed by deaf-mutes has caused the press of New York to cast upon the deaf as a class reflections that are as uncomplimentary as they are undeserved. Even if it should prove true, which we doubt, that the young men first arrested are the slayers of the professor, there is no justification in branding every deaf person with the lower instincts of humanity. The deaf have their faults—so have the hearing. At the same time there can be found as orderly, God-fearing, law-abiding citizens among their class as will be found in any intelligent community. Compared with the hearing it will be found that the deaf are good citizens. True, once in a while we may come across a case of degenerate character, but the same is true of the hearing. Because an isolated case of low degree occurs, charity for our fellow-beings would suggest to an intelligent editor to make it an exception and not include the whole class as possessing the same instincts.

The intelligent deaf of New York owe it to themselves and to their fellow deaf brethren throughout the land, to resent the slurs cast upon them by the New York papers in no uncertain sound. Let them be educators to the editors of the papers, and give them to understand that the deaf are not the monsters they would have the public believe. The public is quick to take up what appears in the public prints, and reading of what bad beings the deaf are will come to the conclusion that the large sums of money expended for their education is like so much thrown away. The editorial in the last JOURNAL smacks of the right ring, but there are others and plenty of them who should enlist in the cause and send their complaints direct to the editors of the papers who have been adversely reflecting upon the deaf. In this way they can turn public feeling in their behalf.

Prof. Bell is moving in a mysterious way to attain his object. Not being able to change the combined system in certain institutions to that of the Oral Method, he is going about the States to break them up. At least that is the way it looks to one. This he proposes and expects to accomplish by establishing oral schools in large cities and having the State lend its support to them financially.

He was in Cincinnati Thursday, and lectured on "The teaching of the Deaf and Mute." He also gave it out, that steps were being taken by parents who have children in the institution to form an organization, whereby State aid for this education can be more effectively asked for. "Parents' organizations" is what he calls them, but which really is intended to mean oral schools wherever they can be organized, and thus help to break up the State Institutions. If Dr. Bell really is the friend of the deaf, he would not go about the States endeavoring to have pupils taken out of State schools and placed in city schools, where pure oralism alone is taught. If he is so desirous of helping the deaf in their education, why does he not do his work openly, come to the State schools and exercise his influence in their behalf? We are sorry he did not visit the Institution here on his way to Cincinnati. Had he done so, he would have found unmistakable evidence that since his last call here, great progress has been made in his pet idea. Then there were only two articulation classes, now there are four oral classes added to the two, and more will be added as circumstances permit. He would have found also an air prevailing through the house that teaching speech to the deaf as far as practical was the first aim and desire of both Superintendent and Principal, and in fact we may add of all the teachers.

What more than that does or should the doctor want. Why seek to draw pupils away from the institution? Mrs. Martha Westervelt Whitman, mother of Prof. Freeman Westervelt of the Rochester, N. Y., school for the deaf, died on the 27th inst., at the above place. A telegram to that effect was received by Mr. George W. Ball of this city. The cause of the death was pneumonia which the deceased contracted on the 23d, and which terminated fatally after four days. Mrs. Whitman was visiting friends in this city last fall, and those who

then saw her predicted that she had a long time to live yet. The news of her sudden death will be a surprise as well as a shock to them. She was matron of this institution from 1855 to 1871, and discharged the duties most satisfactorily.

The Independents are preparing to give an entertainment on March 28th for the benefit of their club, by which they expect to be able to refurbish their uniforms, bats and balls. Mr. Zorn is giving his time and attention to the play.

Mrs. Sites, the Aural teacher elect, started Tuesday afternoon for the Nebraska Institution, to take instruction there.

Haakon's Superba is in town this week. Thursday evening a party of deaf, composed of Mr. and Mrs. Robert King, Mr. and Mrs. John Leib, Mr. Elmer Eley and Miss Edith Biggam, attended the performances, and were well repaid for their expense.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Pratt have moved to Columbus from Lancaster. The former is a sub-conductor on one of the street car lines of the city. They are for the present stopping with Mr. and Mrs. J. Leib in West Columbus. A. B. G.

February 29, 1896.

A Suspicious Character.

In October last a deaf-mute giving the name of Charles Schmidt came to the Gazette office in search of work. He represented that he was on his way from Sacramento, California, to Spokane, where he had relatives. He put up a pitiful story about his hardships, claiming that he had gone for two days without food. He seemed to have been informed that there was a deaf-mute in the composing room of the Gazette office and he introduced himself to that person. As he claimed to be a printer of experience, he was assigned a case, whereby it was thought that he could earn enough to supply his pressing needs. He worked for an hour trying to set a line of type. Proving a failure at this kind of work he was set to binding books, representing that he had worked in the binding department of a publishing house. The fellow soon had to admit his inability to perform any work assigned him. But he was not chagrined by his failure. He soon became insolent and was forcibly ejected from the office. It was evident that he was a professional tramp. We had wondered at his quick leave of the city and that we had not heard of him in nearby towns, until the following story was sighted in the Colfax Commoner:

"Dummy" evacuates Colfax—leaves between two days, taking other people's money and property.—Charles Schmidt, generally known as "Dummy" because of his being deaf and dumb, who has for the past four months been employed at the O. K. barbershop as bootblack and office boy, took French leave last Wednesday night. Schmidt was considered strictly honest by his employers, and the public in general. When he recently canvassed the town with samples of rubber-ware, mackintoshes, etc., he was very successful and no one thought when they paid him 25 per cent. on the purchase value of what they bought that they were not doing a charitable deed. But this sudden departure makes it more than probable that he intended to keep all the money, and that he did not send in an order.

Before leaving he equipped himself with about ten razors, two hair clippers and a number of other articles from his employer, aggregating about \$35 in value. It is thought that he beat the freight train to Spokane. No serious efforts will probably be made to apprehend the lad.

Schmidt is undoubtedly one of the best educated deaf and dumb persons in the country. He is accomplished in different kinds of handicraft; can attend to the ordinary avocations of life about as well as any one; and reads and writes fluently and correctly. His sense of perception is simply wonderful. He can tell by the tremor of a building when someone is walking, and by the air he feels someone talk. On noticing someone talk he looks up and watches the movement of the lips and throat of the speaker, thus catching most of the words, and being able to take a decided interest in a conversation. Some people have thought he can hear, but that is certainly not the case. He is also very proficient in speaking the mute language with his fingers.—Walla Walla Gazette.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES MARCH 8, 1896.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's in St. John the Evangelist, N. Y.
St. Mark's, Adelphi St., Brooklyn.
Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh.

Gallaudet Home for Deaf-Mutes 11 A.M. Holy Communion.

Deaf-mutes are invited to a meeting in the Parish House of the Church of the Beloved Disciple, on Tuesday, March 10th at 8 P.M., No. 67 East 89th Street.

FANWOOD.

A Narrow Escape for Mr. and Mrs. Pearce.

HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND

Prof. Jones' Mistake---A Musicales---Other News Notes.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

On Saturday morning Assistant Steward Hugh Conley Seward went down to Pier 55 North River to bid bon voyage to Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, who left at noon on the Atlas Liner "Ailsa" for their home in Kingston, Jamaica. On the following morning Miss Ida Montgomery and Miss Prudence Burchard called on Mr. and Mrs. Pearce at the hotel they are stopping at on 54th Street and Broadway. The reason of their sudden return is that the "Ailsa" was run down and sunk by the "La Bourgoigne" in the Narrows just below Fort Wardsworth, where she had anchored on account of the dense fog.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearce are the parents of Miss Mabel Pearce, who graduated from this Institution last June.

On account of the cowardly action of the Spanish sailors, who got in the only available life boat, the passengers had to climb the rigging to save themselves from drowning.

Mr. Pearce, who is Postmaster-General of Jamaica characterized the action of the sailors as follows: "Those cowardly dogs. Look at Mrs. Cantrell's bruised face and blackened eye. It was their work. My wife, too, is seriously hurt. They ought to be shot, only shooting would be too good for them."

"It was very foggy and hazy when we left the pier," continued Mr. Pearce, who is a pronounced Englishman, but whose phlegm had been pretty thoroughly destroyed by the events of the afternoon. "The weather thickened as we went down the bay, and the captain very wisely decided to anchor. I can bear witness to the fact that the fog signals were kept going, for the doleful sound of the whistle and bell kept our ears busy all through lunch.

"I was in the smoking-room when the crash came. It was a tremendous one. The passengers were very much frightened, of course, but did not behave in an unseemly manner. But some of the sailors went mad. They pushed and struggled and knocked both men and women around in a wild scramble to save themselves. They knocked Mrs. Cantrell down and blackened one of her eyes. They also knocked her husband down and hit my wife. Mr. Cantrell and I helped the women into the rigging. Miss Annie Fitzgerald, the stewardess, also came out the worst for her encounter with these curs. I have no complaint to make about the officers or the other part of the crew. They did what they could to help us, and Capt. Morris did the right thing at the right time. He didn't have any time to spare, for it was not more than ten minutes after the collision before the Ailsa went down. Some think it was much less than that."

"Highlands of Scotland" was the subject of Principal Currier's stereopticon lecture on Sunday evening last. Many castles of the beautiful country were shown, among which was Balmoral, Queen Victoria's fine estate, with its vast area of one thousand acres and magnificent and imposing castle situated on the river bank, was a sight to behold, as also were the many other homes of titled personages. The most interesting places of this country, which is known as the—

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood
Land of the mountain and the flood,"

were shown, and greatly admired. Next to visiting these foreign places the stereopticon affords the best possible idea of what they really look like, and this institution is fortunate in possessing a fine apparatus, which is such an important factor in imparting education to her young charges. It has been stated by some one prominent in the education of the deaf, that the deaf should be educated not alone by a "single method," but by the best methods known; therefore, I believe that one of the very best methods is the weekly stereopticon lecture.

In the course of one of his lectures, Prof. Jones told one on himself. One day, years ago, Mr. Jones while walking up the avenue espied the form of a female, and after looking at her again he felt sure that it was his sister, and he began running towards her, at the same time crying out her name in the high key of which he is well known to possess when he attempts to attract attention. The female no doubt heard him, but as it was

Julia he was calling, she paid no attention to him. Mr. Jones thought it strange, but he continued to run towards her. He is not tall, but for that matter is a swift runner. He soon overtook the female, but instead of being his sister Julia, she was an African beauty. Mr. Jones warned the pupils to be sure before they go ahead, or they will some day get caught in some embarrassing position, perhaps worse than his own experience just related.

Just as we were congratulating ourselves that all danger was past, and on the very day that the last issue of the JOURNAL went to press, Thursday, February 27th, Peter H. Petersen, a little boy of the Kinderdarten died. At the present writing, the report from the hospital shows that there is great improvement. Several of the oldest boys who have been sick have been discharged as cured, and it is hoped that the favorable condition will continue, so that the Board of Health will grant us a clean bill of health, that our friends and interested persons can visit the institution.

The New York Journal of Sunday, March 1st, reprinted the editorial from this paper on the Eglau Murder, and also stated that Editor Hodgson is a graduate of Prof. Greene's school. I wonder where they obtained such information. Mr. Hodgson never attended a school for the deaf in this or any other country. His knowledge of the sign-language and his extensive information about deaf-mutes, their schools, etc., was obtained during his connection as printing instructor at the New York Institution at Washington Heights.

On Friday evening, February 28th, Miss Lucy A. Greene, an intelligent semi-mute young lady, who attended school here for two years, gave a private musicale at the Metropolitan College of Music. A number of her friends here received invitations, and from the account of Chief Tutor William Henry Van Tassel, the affair was very successful. An informal reception was held after the musicale, and Miss Greene's many friends congratulated her on the success of her achievement.

It began early Monday morning, but by eight o'clock, the heaviest snow storm of the season, which for a time looked as if it would be a repetition of the blizzard of March, 1888, had subsided somewhat, tho' the wind continued blowing all day, making it unpleasant out of doors.

A. QUAD.

He Found a Solution.

A young man entered Justice Foster's court room and close behind him came a blushing young woman. The visitor laid a marriage certificate before the Justice and stood awaiting developments. The Judge looked at him and smiled.

"You want to get married, do you?" he asked.

"The young man made no reply. "Is this the young woman?" asked the court.

There was no response from the young man, but he drew a pad of paper from his pocket and wrote "We are deaf and dumb."

"Oh!" said Justice Foster, "that is different." Then he began to wonder how he would perform the ceremony. The certificate from the Country Clerk's office gave permission to Christian Larson and Allie Bathurst to wed, and all that was necessary was to learn whether they would promise to love, honor and obey. At length the Court wrote on a piece of paper:

"Stand up and join your hands." The couple arose when Christian had read the message, each took the other's hand. Then the Court wrote out the traditional question: "Christian Larson, do you take Allie Bathurst to be your lawful, wedded wife?"

When Christian read the paper he nodded his head energetically. Then it was Allie's turn, and she gave assent to her side of the bargain. After that Justice Foster copied the marriage service on a piece of paper and gave it to the couple to read while he repeated the words of the form. Both smiled and nodded when he finished, and thereupon the Court pronounced them married. Christian turned to Allie and kissed her heartily, and then they went away.

"This is the only couple I ever married whom I am sure will lead a quiet married life," said His Honor.—Chicago Chronicle.

Many years ago a Central Maine man started out to sell oil-cloth table-covers at fifty cents a cover. After traveling all day without selling one, a happy thought struck him. He would sell at a dollar and take half the pay in old cast-off shoes. The result was people imagined they were getting some return for their old shoes, and there was a general ransacking of attics, and table covers went like hot cakes. But the old shoes? Well, whenever he found a convenient hole beside the road, out of sight, he pulled up his cart and dumped the lot.—Selected.

Washington's Fifty-seven Rules of Conduct.

Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

In the presence of others sing not to yourself with a humming noise, nor drum with your fingers or feet. Sleep not when others speak, sit not when others stand, speak not when you should hold your peace, walk not when others stop.

Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on any one.

Be no flatterer; neither play with any one that delights not to be played with.

Read no letters, books, or paper in company; but when there is a necessity for doing it, you must ask leave. Come not near the books or writings of any one so as to read them, unless desired, nor give your opinion of them unasked; also look not nigh when another is writing a letter.

Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters somewhat grave.

Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

When you meet with one of greater quality than yourself, stop and retire, especially if it be at a door or any strait place, to give way for him to pass.

They that are in dignity, or in office, have in all places precedence; but whilst they are young they ought to respect those that are their equals in birth or other qualities, though they have no public charge.

It is good manners to prefer them to whom we speak before ourselves, especially if they be above us, with whom in no sort we ought to begin.

Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

In visiting the sick, do not presently play the physician if you be not knowing therein. In writing, or speaking, give to every person his due title, according to his degree and the custom of the place.

Strive not with your superiors in argument, but always submit your judgment to others with modesty.

Undertake not to teach your equal in the art himself professes: it savors of arrogance.

When a man does all he can, though it succeeds not well, blame not him that did it.

Being required to advise, or reprehend any one, consider whether it ought to be in public or private, presently or at some other time, and in what terms to do it; and in reproving show no signs of choler, but do it with sweetness and mildness.

Take all admonitions thankfully in what time or place soever given; but afterwards, not being culpable, take a time convenient to let him know it that gave them.

Mock not, nor jest at anything of importance; break no jests that are sharp biting, and if you deliver anything witty and pleasant, abstain from laughing thereat yourself.

Wherein you reprove another be unblamable yourself; for example is more prevalent than precepts.

Use no reproachful language against any one, neither curse nor revile.

Be not hasty to believe flying reports to the disparagement of any.

In your apparel be modest, and endeavor to accommodate nature, rather than to procure admiration; keep to the fashion of your equals, such as are civil and orderly with respect to times and places.

Play not the peacock, looking everywhere about you to see if you be well decked, if your shoes fit well, if your stockings sit neatly, and clothes handsomely.

Associate yourselves with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

Let your conversation be without malice or envy, for it is a sign of a tractable and commendable nature; and in all cause of passion, admit reason to govern.

Be not immodest in urging your friend to discover a secret.

Utter not base and frivolous things amongst grave and learned men; nor very difficult questions or subjects among the ignorant; nor things hard to be believed.

Speak not of doleful things in times of mirth, nor at the table speak not of melancholy things, as death, and wounds, and if others mention them, change, if you can, the discourse. Tell not your dreams, but to your intimate friend.

Break not a jest where none takes pleasure in mirth; laugh not aloud, nor without occasion. Deride no man's misfortune, though there seem to be some cause.

Speak not injurious words, neither in jest nor earnest; scoff at none although they give occasion.

Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

Detract not from others, neither be excessive in commending.

Go not thither where you know not whether you shall be welcome or not. Give not advice without

being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

If two contend together, take not the part of either unconstrained, and be not obstinate in your own opinion; in things indifferent be of the major side.

Reprehend not imperfections of others, for that belongs to parents, masters and superiors. Gaze not on the marks or blemishes of others, and ask not how they came. What you may speak in secret to your friend, deliver not before others. Speak not in an unknown tongue in company, but in your own language, and that as those of quality do and not as the vulgar; sublime matters treat seriously.

Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

When another speaks be attentive yourself, and disturb not the audience. If any hesitate in his words, help him not, nor prompt him without being desired; interrupt him not, nor answer him, till his speech be ended.

Treat with men at fit times about business; and whisper not in the company of others.

Make no comparisons, and if any of the company be commended for any brave act of virtue, commend not another for the same.

Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always. A secret discover not.

Be not curious to know the affairs of others, neither approach to these that speak in private.

Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

When you deliver a matter, do it without passion and with discretion, however mean the person be you do it to.

When your superiors talk to anybody, hearken not, neither speak, nor laugh.

In disputes be not so desirous to overcome as not to give liberty to each one to deliver his opinion, submit to the judgment of the major part, especially if they are judges of the dispute.

Be not tedious in discourse; make not many digressions, nor repeat often the same manner of discourse.

Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

Make no showing of taking great delight in your virtuous; feed not with greediness; cut your bread with a knife; lean not on the table; neither add fault with what you eat.

Be not angry at table, whatever happens, and if you have reason to be so, show it discreetly; put on a cheerful countenance, especially if there be strangers, for good humor makes one dish of meat a feast.

Seat not yourself at the upper end of the table; but if it be your due, or that the master of the house will have it so, contend not, lest you should trouble the company.

When you speak of God or his attributes, let it be seriously in reverence. Honor and obey your natural parents, although they be poor.

Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.—School and Home.

Kept His Promise.

Much is said in these days about the want of obedience to parental authority displayed by rising generation, but an incident in which the contrary spirit was manifested is related by a prominent Western lawyer.

His twelve-year-old son a boy of great spirit but with no overabundance of strength, went to pass a vacation with a cousin who lived on the banks of a broad river. His father, in his parting instructions, placed only one restriction upon the boy's amusements during his visit.

"I don't want you to go out in your cousin's canoe," he said, firmly. "They are used to the water, but you are not, and you haven't learned to sit still anywhere, as yet. You'll be there only a week, and with all the other amusements the boys have, and the horses and dogs, you can afford to let the canoe alone for this time, and keep your mother from worrying all the while you're away." The boy readily gave the desired promise. On his return he was enthusiastic over the pleasures he had enjoyed.

"And I didn't mind canoeing a bit, pa," he said, addressing his careful parent with a beaming smile. "The boys taught me how to swim, and the only time they used the canoe was the last day, to go over to the other shore. But I remembered my promise, and I wasn't going to break it the last day. So I swam across!"—Youth's Companion.

DEADLY REVENGE.

Ragged Haggard (at the door): "Maddim, you see before you a conscience-stricken man! I kin bear de burden of me remorse no longer, an' have come to confess

me crime. I killed me old podner, Wabby Walker, in cold blood—or mebbly I ort to say water."

Mrs. Newbride: "Oh, what can you mean, my poor man?"

Ragged Haggard: "You remember you gimme a hunk of fruit cake yesterday which you told me you had made with your own hands?"

Mrs. Newbride: "Yes, but—" Ragged Haggard: "An', outer revenge for an insult, I gave it to dear Wabby, an' less'n haffer nour after eatin' it he fell into de river an' sunk to de bottom like lead."—Harper's Bazar.

Diamonds of Many Hues.

Diamonds vary widely in hue; the purest are perfectly colorless and transparent, but they are found in almost every color of the spectrum, the commonest being white, yellow or brown, yellowish green, bottle green and rarely rose red, blue or black. Next to the yellow-greenish, yellow diamonds are the most numerous. The black are very rare, and when the diamond is between the brown and the black, its transparency entirely disappears, or is seen only at the angles.

Perfectly colorless diamonds come from the mines of India, Brazil, the Cape and Australia. Perhaps about ten per cent of the crystals which come into the market are colorless or a pure white; one-fourth are of fair color, with a flaw or spot of color, and the remainder are off-colored, called second quality, or by-water. Nearly one-half is only bort.

Colored diamonds exhibit their luster and clearness best when cut, especially the yellow, which by artificial light are very brilliant. Stones either perfectly colorless or having decided tints of rose-red, green or blue, are most highly prized. Fine cinnamon and salmon tints, or brown, black or yellow stones, are also esteemed. If flawless and without tint of any kind, they are termed "first-water." If they possess a steely blue color, at times almost opalescent, they are called blue-white. Such are usually Brazilian stones.

Exceptionally perfect stones are termed gems, and for such there is no fixed value, the price depending on their purity, perfection and brilliancy, freedom from flaws. It is impossible to estimate the value of a diamond by its weight alone, as color, brilliancy, cut and general perfection must all be taken into account. Of two stones, both flawless and weighing 10 carats each, one may be worth \$600 and the other \$12,000. Exceptional stones often bring special prices, whereas off-colored or imperfect stones sell at from \$30 to \$75 a carat, regardless of their size.

As the diamond is a cold substance a mist is formed by breathing on it, and the mist being white enables us to detect any color in the stone; or if the stone is unset, it may be placed on a sheet of white paper and breathed on, and while the mist is clearing away the faintest trace of color, and even flaws and imperfections, if visible to the naked eye, will become apparent. If the stone is unset, and we fold a sheet of paper and look down on the side of the stone, we can trace any color that exists within, for the same reason that a piece of plate glass when looked through appears green on the ends. A small pile or paper of diamonds will show color, whereas a single stone may appear white to the unpracticed eye; as likewise a sheet of plate glass one fourth of an inch thick and one foot long is seen to be green, though a piece one inch square appears white, the color in both cases being condensed in the quantity. For this reason off-colored diamonds are frequently cut with a very low, flat crown (the part of the stone above the center.) This disguises the color, though at a loss of brilliancy.—New York Sun.

Modern Proverbs.

A fool learns from no one. A wise man learns from everybody.

Do the best you can and God and his angels will want to help you.

To have no aim in life is to sooner or later fall into the ditch.

No man can be made rich whose happiness depends on money.

Joy has a new meaning when we have learned what sadness is.

Keep out of the crowd where vulgarity passes for wit and humor.

A day spent in bad company is a long step taken toward the pit.

It costs a great deal more to be proud than it does to be generous.

A word to the wise is enough, when it happens to be the right word.

The man who minds his own business will always have something to do.

No rich man was ever happy unless he used a part of his money to make others so.

When the wolf puts on sheep's clothing, he is pretty sure to have mutton for dinner.

Never buy a thermometer in the summer time, they are always lower in the winter.

An Incident.

A traveller in Switzerland last summer, in writing of his experiences in that country, gives the following incident: The window of a little shop, in an old arcade in Berne, was filled one day with crosses and hearts intended for the decoration of graves, and among them were several slabs of marble with the inscriptions, "In Memory of my sister," "To the Best of Husbands," and the like.

As we were in the shop, three or four idle tourists had halted to laugh at the uncultivated taste shown in these cheap votive offerings. Apart, and quite unconscious of them, stood a poor Swiss maid-servant. Her eyes were full of eager longing and the tears slowly ran down her cheeks. The slab which she coveted was the cheapest and ugliest of the lot, a black slab, white-lettered; but the inscription was, "To my dear Mother."

"She stopsevery morning to look at that," whispered the shopkeeper. "But she won't have enough money to buy it in years." "Tell her she can have it," said one of the tourists, a well-dressed man, in a loud voice, "I'll pay for it."

"Monsieur is very generous," answered the shopkeeper. "But I doubt—she is no beggar."

While they were speaking, a young American girl who, with sympathy expressed in her face, had been watching, drew her aside. "I am a stranger," she said. "I have been very happy in Berne. I am going away to-morrow, never to come back again. I should like to think somebody here would remember me kindly. Will you not let me give you that little slab to lay on your mother's grave?"

The woman's face was filled with amazement, and then with delight. The tears rained down her cheeks. She held the girl's hand in both of her own.

"You, too, have lost your mother? Yes? Then you can understand! I thank you, gracious lady."

That was all, but two women went on their way happier and better for having met.

Almost every Christian man or woman has at heart the wish to heal the hearts of life for others, but few have the delicate tact which can touch a wound without giving pain.

An acquaintance of the late Mrs. Astor—whose charities were as secret as they were wide—spoke of one of her habits of sending her carriage out with friends who were ill, or not able to afford the luxury of a drive.

"She did not send the carriage," quickly remarked a friend. "She went in it. The drive was not an aim. It was a pleasure to herself, which the invalid made pleasant by sharing."

"A copper farthing," says the Irish proverb, "given with a kind hand, is fairy gold, and blesses as it goes."—Youth's Companion.

The Chamber of Commerce of Brazil, Ind., is in receipt of many letters from manufacturers in the natural gas belt, stating that they realize that the life of the gas belt is not more than four or five years, and that they are taking time by the forelock in arranging for a suitable location in the coal fields when the blow comes. The chief feature to be considered is cheap coal.

The first American locomotive engineer, now 89 years old, is now an inmate of the New York Almshouse.

Never marry a girl who thinks she may learn to love you—a little learning is a dangerous thing.

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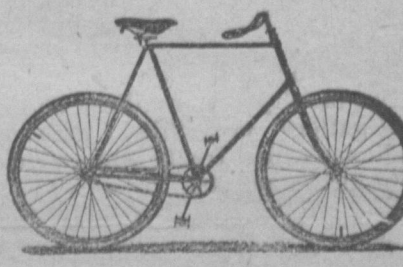
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